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## GATHERING ARBUTUS.

BY EMMA M. CANN.

What time the fair, green-kirtled Spring  
Plunged her rich stores and blossomy crown  
Upon the uplands, bare and brown,  
When south winds came their whispering,  
And roused and wandered up and down.

The broad, free downs, from dawn till dusk,  
We staid from out the haunts of men,  
Night blithesome children once again—  
To scout the mountain-roses' mink,  
And call wild flowers in wood and glen.

We plucked the sweet arbutus flowers,  
Nestled gentle and tender shade—  
Her lips such woodrose music made,  
I said, "Such heaven-born bliss as ours,  
Can never brighten, dear heart, or fade!"

She vowed a tender vow that day,  
This maiden—covey of coy maid—  
Where dwelt these water blooms—in glades  
Where sunbeams scarcely e'er did play—  
She, blushing, gave herself away!

## DAVY CROCKETT ON THE TRACK;

OR,  
The Cave of the Counterfeiters.

BY FRANK CARROLL.

AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF GLENDALE,"  
"JOHN FARMORE'S PLOT," ETC.

### CHAPTER IV.

NED GORDON'S STORY.

The men started on hearing this name, celebrated throughout the country as one of Tennessee's most worthy sons, the prince of hunters, whose prowess with the rifle had gained him the reputation of a Nimrod, and whose exciting encounters with wild beasts, and many hair-breadth escapes, had afforded thrilling entertainment to thousands of his countrymen. They were indeed so surprised, and their eyes so engaged with the face of the renowned hunter, that they failed to notice the hidden form revealed by his movement.

Tim Hall, noticing their pre-occupation, quietly stepped behind Crockett, picked up the cloak, and replaced it upon the table, all unnoticed by them.

The hunter stood with the easy assurance of one who, without undue vanity, is yet aware of his worth, and possessed of that commendable pride which is based upon service rendered, instead of upon empty show.

"Who's the man you're after?" asked Crockett. "Recollect, strangers, we're a quiet lot of people down here; but we are apt to get our backs up if we're aggravated."

"It's not me that would like to aggravate Colonel Crockett," said one of the officers. "We are officers from Louisville, in pursuit of a man who has broken jail."

"What's the man's name?"

"Edward Gordon."

"The deuce! Ned Gordon, hey! I heard something of this. He made free with a bank, or something of the kind, didn't he?"

"That's what he was accused of. He was knocked down and five thousand in gold taken from him. But the bank suspected that it was a plan between him and the robbers, and arrested him on suspicion."

"And what was their proof?"

"Nothing, except that he had been seen talking to a well-known thief, only a few days before. They kept him in jail awaiting proof."

"And that didn't quite suit his ideas?"

"No. He dropped out the window one fine night and made tracks. We came down here to look for him, knowing that this is his native place."

"That's the story, hey? And you kinder thought he was in this house?"

"I know he was here. I saw him not two hours ago, and his brother has just left here. Do you know the penalty for concealing a fugitive from the officers of the law?" He now addressed the host.

"I know about this much," replied Hall. "I know you're a couple of infernal catamounts, and if you don't take your ugly faces out of my sight, I'll light on you like a powder on a hog's back. Blast your eyes, I've given you your rope, just to see how far you would go. You're the first cowards as ever made free in my house without axing me. Now you'd best take a fool's advice, and git."

"We did not wish to incommode you, sir. We were but doing our duty, and what we have warrant for."

"I don't harbor thieves and vagabonds, and I won't harbor police. Git! It's the word. I'm feeling kinder wolfish, strangers, and if you're not out of that door in three shakes of a coon's tail, you'll get a Tennessee welcome to the gutter."

The stalwart speaker looked really dangerous as he confronted them with angry face, his rolled-up sleeves displaying brawny, muscular arms.

"You're right, Tim. A man's home is his castle," said Crockett. "You'd better take good advice, my friends. If Tim Hall once gets his back up, there will be feathers split. He's not safe to play with."

"All right," replied the officer. "Our man is not here, that is evident, so we have no further occasion to stay, and Mr. Hall may have the full use of his house. The two men turned and walked toward the door.



DAVY CROCKETT'S DISCOVERY.

"WELL, I'LL BE SHOT, IF HERE AIN'T WORK! MURDER, SURE AS TREES! WHO IS IT, WHIRLWIND, NOW? DO YOU KNOW HIM?"

"Your body guard!" said the officer, inquiringly.

"Yes; Old Whirlwind, who is with a troop of horse. Come in here, old oon-hunter, and show yourself," he said, opening the door and giving a shrill whistle.

This signal was followed by the advent of a strongly-built, shaggy hunting dog, whose torn ears and generally dilapidated appearance bespoke him the hero of many a contest. Yet he came frisking in with all a dog's gladness to enter forbidden places, and sprang upon his master with an effusive affection that almost overturned him.

"There, boy, that will do. Down, you rascal! do you want to upset old Davy? That's more than the bar could do to-day; hey, Whirlwind? Now, folks, there's a clean track, and no snags in the way."

"We are glad to have met you, Mr. Crockett, and hope to see you again before we return," said one of the strangers. "Seems to me I ain't in Congress now," answered Davy.

"Colonel Crockett, I meant to say," replied the officer.

"Well, that's a handle that I often get. If it's bar meat that you are after, I'm your man. Call on me at Crockett's (clearing, four miles 'tother side of Sharkeyville, and I'll give you a bit of as pretty sport as ever a backwoodsman seed."

"And git out of this now," cried the host in a violent tone. "I kin chew up and swallow six such men any day afore breakfast, and if you don't git—"

What terrible threat Mr. Hall was about making was lost in the slamming of the door behind the retreating officers, who evidently thought discretion the better part of valor.

Davy stood, with his chin upon the muzzle of his rifle, looking at his host with an amused glance.

The latter lapsed into silence as soon as the door closed upon his intrusive enemies, not finishing the threat he had begun.

"Where is he?" was Davy's first remark.

"Who?" asked Hall, turning with some show of surprise.

"Who? Why, Ned Gordon. Who the thunder do you think I mean?"

"Didn't you just hear me say that I didn't know nothing about him? I ain't taking in runaway jail-breakers."

"Now, just about your wind-box, Tim Hall, and don't try your gammon on me. Do you think it's a Louisville policeman you're talking to now, or a man that's followed a painter's trail for miles by the scratched bark?"

"What do you mean, Davy Crockett? You don't see no signs of Ned Gordon about here."

"Look at Whirlwind's ears, Tim; them's signs of old friends about; and when you try to play mad again, don't lay it on quite so thick. It weren't natural, boy, no more than a woman's face when she's spread it with paint, like as I'd spread a slice of bread with wild honey. Don't be making wry faces; I can give you more signs if you want them."

"I don't know nothing about him, Davy. If he'd been here them fellows would have found him."

"Them fellows?" said Davy, contemptuously. "Do you want to put them on a trail 'longside of me? Well, soon as I know a bar's paw from a painter's claw. Why, man, I've trailed Florida Injuns twenty miles on a stretch, without half as good sign."

"Are you fur the boy, or agin him?" asked Hall, anxiously.

"I'm for the right," answered Crockett. "I always took to the lad, and will yet if

he's straight. But if he's been playing thief, he's crossed clean out of my books. Where is he, Whirlwind? Find him, dog."

The animal rose from the corner in which he had stretched himself, and walked gravely across the floor.

Approaching his master, he looked intelligently up in his face. The latter patted him on the head with a kindly touch.

"Fetch him, Whirlwind," he said.

The dog's next movement was toward the table, where he took a corner of the cloth in his teeth, and with a jerk, pulled it again to the floor.

"I knowed so," said Davy, laughing. "If them fellows had eyes they'd have seen through your little game, Tim."

The fugitive raised himself from his constrained position, and smiled upon the bond, who appeared to recognize him as an old acquaintance.

"Come here, Ned Gordon," said Crockett. "You know me, let me see if I know you."

He laid his brawny hand on the shoulder of the fugitive, holding him at arm's length, and gazed with a piercing glance into his eyes.

This silent scrutiny was continued for several minutes, without a word being spoken. It was no easy matter to endure that fixed, stern glance, that seemed as if it would pierce through all the disguises of the flesh, and master all the secrets of the soul within.

Yet the other endured it without quailing. Once or twice his eyes fell, but, as if seemed, more in modesty than in consciousness of guilt.

"Sit down, Gordon, I want to talk to you," said Crockett, releasing him, and drawing up a chair for himself.

"I thought one time you were going to make a man," he continued. "You come of good stock, and you've got a brother that's a credit to the woods and that knows all the virtue of a rifle. But you got in a bad gang, and went back on your promise. I dropped you then. I want to hear you speak for yourself now."

"I have only got to say that it would have been better for me if I had followed your advice and example," replied Gordon.

"But I was young then, and wild. I have learned sense since."

His inquirer again bent upon him a scrutinizing glance.

"I've been wild myself," he said. "That is no crime. It's hard to tame young blood. Have you been honest? That is the question."

"As I am a living man, I have done nothing outside of honesty."

"I hope that's so, Ned Gordon. I always had a sort of taking for you, till you got in company that my honesty couldn't afford to keep. Drop it out now, the whole story, clean. Where have you been, and how have you lived, and what do you know about this robbery? I want a straight story, Ned, or I'll not lift a hand to help you."

"I wouldn't try anything else with Davy Crockett. I would be tripped up in a dozen words. That Jack Henderson has been my evil genius. He led the way in all sorts of wild scrapes here, and finished by getting me mixed up in an affair that would have sent the whole of us to prison, if we had not flown. Yet I had no idea at the time that anything more than a wild joke was intended. When I got north I went steamboating, but he found me, brought me into his gang, and so guarded me that I had no chance to get away from them. I would take no part in their plans, but I was conversant with more than one scheme of thieving, one in particular, in which a jewelry store was opened and a large

amount of silverware and jewels stolen. I tried to give warning of this, and came near getting a bullet through me for my pains."

"Was that the Price and Ward robbery?" asked Crockett.

"Yes."

"I was in Congress at the time. There was a large reward offered."

"It still stands. I might have tried for it myself, but these fellows had treated me with some kindness, and I could not inform on them. I got away from them soon after that, and made my way west. There I did some work for a gentleman who took a fancy to me, and got me the bank position which I held in Louisville. I was there out loose from all the old crew, and tried to build up a new record. But it is hard to leave your old life behind you. There is nothing dogs a man's life like old faults."

"No you were found again."

"Yes. I met Jack Henderson one day in the street. He instantly recognized me, and held me in conversation by threatening me with exposure."

"Which you were fool enough to give in to?"

"I don't know if it was foolish, I was trying to make a man of myself, and did not dare to defy him. He even proposed the scheme of which I was accused, to join with them in a pretended attack at some time when I had a large sum of money in hand. This I indignantly refused. The consequence was, that I was knocked down and robbed a few days afterward, fortunately when I had not much money."

"I should think five thousand dollars were a bad life," said Hall.

"I often carried much larger amounts," said Gordon. "However, my old life came up against me once more. I had been seen talking with Henderson, and was arrested and put in prison on suspicion."

"And why didn't you wait and take your trial like a man? There was no proof to convict you."

"There was nothing to clear me in public opinion. I could never have held up my head again. These men had broken faith with me. I was determined to give them up to justice—and as I got weary of waiting in prison for a trial, and feared that I would lose all trace of them, I concluded to take leg bail."

"Is that all, Ned?"

"Yes. I have not spoken a word outside the truth."

"I didn't want a word from you for that," said Crockett, rising. "Honesty dwells in a man's eye, not on his tongue. I saw it in you before I asked you a question. Give me your hand, Ned. Any man that tries to live up to his motto, is a friend of Davy Crockett's."

"I told you he were square," said Hall, in a tone of triumph.

"All right, Tim. But the game's just up. It ain't treed yet. How's the trail, Ned? Fresh?"

"Rather. I judged that the north was getting too hot to hold them, so strack down here. I have not seen any sign yet, worth much; but I think they are not far."

"I'm with you on the home stretch; and think maybe I kin help in nosing out the trail. I seed a fellow down this way last week, that was one of Henderson's old cronies, or I've lost my eyesight."

"Where was that?"

"Out here toward the Shakes. There's a hole down there somewhere, that these fellows bunk in. What's their game, is more than I know. There's a bit of gambling going on at a little spot down on the Mississippi. But there's a deeper game

played in this hiding-place. I don't know just what."

"Thank you for the information. I will try my luck at finding out before the sun is a day older."

"Caution, Ned. They know you. Better let me, or Rob, or some of us try."

"You, or Rob? Neither of you could anymore deal with the tricks of sharpers than a bear can play out old Whirlwind there. Trust me that I know how to manage them, and to disguise myself."

"Go ahead then, my boy, if you're sure you're right."

### CHAPTER V.

WHIRLWIND ON THE SCENT.

The fugitive, by the advice of his host, left the house before daybreak, after taking a few hours sleep. He moved with great caution along the bush-lined fence, and entered a piece of woodland at the extremity of the village, sure that he had escaped the eyes of his pursuers, even if they were still on the watch for him.

Crockett had left the house a short time before, with his rifle upon his shoulder, and his dog at his heels, making his way toward the village of Wilson's Corner, the euphonic name of the scene of the shooting match.

"I intended to take a shot myself, for the honor of old Tennessee," he said to his host, "but the fact is I got on bar sign yesterday, and nothing would suit Whirlwind but I must take a tramp after bar-beef. He was a big fellow, Tim, and savage as a catamount, when I backed him up again a big spruce down yonder by Ike Burke's shanty. If it hadn't been for the dog he'd took a month or two out of my shoulder. But Whirlwind took his eye just as he was gnawing at my gun-stock, and I socked six inches of cold steel in him afore he could get a better bolt. It was a game of nip and tng, sure enough. I cheated me out of my shot on the fat cat, but I've made it up in bar grease."

While Hall was looking with admiration upon the daring hunter, who so nonchalantly related an adventure in which he had evidently run fearful risk, and narrowly escaped with life, the latter whistled for his dog and set off at a swinging pace down the road that led eastward from the village.

It was the same direction which Robert Gordon had taken a few hours before. The hunter strode on, at a pace that made little of distance, whistling as he went, though his eyes roamed from side to side and noted every feature of the road, with a keen caution born of his life in the woods, where he disputed dominion with lurking and ferocious beasts.

His pace soon brought him within the borders of the woodland, of which we have already spoken. It was so dark here still as at midnight, and he went on with diminished speed, his keen glance tracing every curve and killock of the rough road.

The dog, which had been walking submissively at his heels, now gave a slight bark and dashed eagerly forward, disappearing at once in the darkness.

Crockett whistled loudly for him, but in vain, the animal paid no attention to his recall.

"What is it, Whirlwind, boy? Not bar, sure, nor painter, and I'll swear you wouldn't jump that way at venison. There's something odd ahead, for I've tried the dog at everything, from coon to elk, and he never acted just that way."

Holding his rifle at a trail the woodsman dashed ahead, heedless now of the darkness and the difficulties of the road, anxious only to discover the meaning of the dog's sudden escapade.

In a few moments he heard Whirlwind

barking violently. The next instant he discerned the animal returning. But seeing him coming it wheeled round and darted back, barking loudly as it did so. It was evidently inviting him to some momentous discovery ahead.

It was now near dawn, and as he neared the other extremity of the wood, a soft light broke over the ground in front, in strong contrast to the gloom that still enveloped him.

It revealed the dog, standing beside some object in the road, barking, and facing toward him as he advanced.

Another minute and he was on the spot, and looking down upon the prostrate figure of a man, pale as death in the face, while the ground under his head was crimsoned with blood.

"Well, I'll be shot, if here ain't work! Murder, sure as thunder! Who is it, Whirlwind, boy? do you know him?"

The dog answered by licking the face of the prostrate man. His master leaned forward to take a close look at the features. He started back instantly, with a fierce exclamation.

"Rob Gordon! By all that's bad, but this is a pretty piece of work. If he ain't been shot in his tracks, I'm a sinner! And if somebody don't smart for this I'll give up bar shooting."

By this time he had the inextinguishable form in his arms, and was carrying it, with the strength of a giant, to where a tiny brook babbled across the road.

"If there's a man in Tennessee that I've a liking for, it's Rob Gordon. The handsomest figure, the neatest dancer, and the best finger at the trigger going. He was wuss than a hose, he was a steamboat, and the man I built on to fill my place when I dropped out. And now here's some cussed paloot gone and spilt him for anything but a funeral. Shoot up if I can keep the water out of my eyes, and the strong man dashed the back of his hand across his face as if ashamed of such womanly weakness.

"A bullet don't fly though without a rifle, and a rifle don't shoot without a finger at the trigger, and the man that owns that finger has got to be ten fuses inside of one skin if he lives long to brag of this."

He had by this time reached the rivulet, and stooped over the water with his burden. The cap had dropped off, and the hair of the apparently lifeless man was matted with blood.

"He's not dead! He's good as ten dead men yet!" shouted Crockett, as he proceeded to wash the blood from the hair, and noticed a clear red flow under the dark mass he had removed.

"Blast it, it's only a scratch after all, and here me frightened out of six months' growth," he cried, in joyful accents, as he parted the abundant hair, and revealed his scratch in a long, red channel, where the bullet had ploughed his way across the skull, grazing the bone for a length of several inches.

"The lad's stunned, that's all," he continued, as he finished washing the wound, and proceeded to draw the edges together with a sticking plaster with all the skill of an experienced surgeon.

He now carried his senseless burden just inside the wood, and laid him down tenderly on a couch of long grass, his head supported on a bank of green moss.

"Watch him there, Whirlwind, lad, and don't let a fly touch him, I must go on to the next house, and bring back a horse, or some other sort of help. He's too heavy to carry far, and I consider it's half a mile, anyhow, so here goes for help."

The dog, as if understanding what was said to him, stationed himself beside the prostrate man, with an expression of gravity that would have changed on the instant to savagery, had any one sought to meddle with the grave charge which had been entrusted to him. No foot, either of man or beast, could safely venture to approach the wounded man till Whirlwind should be released from his commission.

His master was not long absent. He had found a horse a short distance in advance, and returned with the householder, who brought a horse attached to a rude vehicle, on which to convey the wounded man.

The jarring, springless character of this conveyance seemed to have a good effect upon its occupant. Before reaching the house he was observed slightly to stir, and he opened his eyes as they were lifting him from the vehicle.

They carried him tenderly into the house and deposited him upon a bed, his eyes continuing open, and gazing with a vacant, bewildered glance, that showed that his senses were yet wandering.

"The best we kin do is to let him alone," said Crockett. "He's beginning to come to, and it's my notion that he'll be all right in an hour. I'm going back to see if I can find sign of the fellow that done it. I'd sooner score his skin with a piece of lead than shoot a dozen bars."

Calling the dog, he proceeded down the road to the spot in question. It was now full daylight. The sun was peeping above the eastern verge of the horizon, through a thin veil of painted clouds, and gilding the tree-tops with a warm lustre.

Countless birds in the grove had aroused to the fact that a new day had come upon the world, and were twittering and carolling their welcome to the advancing light, making the air melodious with their innumerable strains of woodland music.

But these sights and sounds had, just then, no charm for the senses of the renowned hunter, alive as he usually was to







died—and at the Park, too, where he had come for the shooting. He had been an unmarried man, and the estate and title went to a distant cousin. What the new Lord Westerleigh was like was a subject of eager interest to his tenants. Mr. Melville only hoped he would turn out that fellow Laken, the agent—for if not, he should certainly inform his lordship that he could not remain a tenant any longer. Mrs. Melville only hoped there would be a lady at the Hall at last, and Gertrude neither thought nor cared anything about it. There was a grand funeral, and the new lord was present; those who saw him, described him as a tall, big, youngish man, but the Melvilles did not see him. He remained two days at the Park, and then went away until the following January, when he was coming back to take up his quarters there permanently.

On one of these two days Gertrude saw a ghost. She was wandering through Westerleigh Park engrossed with her own sad thoughts, and was only recalled to external things by a low, savage bellow close at hand. Looking up, she found herself near to a herd of cattle, and a huge brown bull towering the mud over his shoulders, his head low, his eyes glaring, with every intention of coming at her. With a cold feeling of terror at her heart, she looked round wildly for some way to escape. At a short distance there was a hedge and a stile, and that was her only chance, but she was so frightened that she felt her limbs would never bear her so far. The bull now twisted up his tail preparatory to a rush, and with a cry for help, Gertrude turned round, and fell. That cry was answered instantly, for she had scarcely touched the ground when a strong arm raised her, and the next moment she was on the other side of the stile, and in safety. During that first terrified moment she had looked up into the face of her deliverer, and then, the effects of the fright and unexpected relief acting upon nerves already unstrung, resulted in unconsciousness. But she was safe in those protecting arms, and as she rested in them, senseless, they folded her passionately to their owner's broad breast.

Gertrude soon recovered, and found herself lying in a cottage close by, while a woman she knew well attended her. "Dear me, how foolish I am!" she said, raising herself on her arm; "but it was that horrid bull, Mr. Foster."

"And enough to frighten you to death, indeed, miss. It's a shame to leave that beast loose; I'm sure it was a mercy the gentleman was there."

"Who was it?" asked Gertrude, as the color came back to her cheeks. "That's more than I know, miss; he's quite a stranger to me, but dear me, such a gentleman! Are you better now, dear?"

"Oh, yes," said Gertrude, putting her feet to the ground. "I'm all right, thank you. Good-bye, Mr. Foster."

Her heart was beating wildly with a joyful expectation as she hurried away down the lane. Her deliverer was no stranger to her, for in the face she had seen for one moment, bending so anxiously over her, she had recognized David Gower. But why was he there? If to see her, why had he not stayed to speak to her? Yes! she had seen him! He was no myth, for she had been saved by his stalwart arms, but he had only done what any other man would do, and left her without a word. He had vanished as mysteriously as he appeared; in vain her eager eyes searched the wide expanse of park, and the long, straight lane before her, there was no living creature in sight, but the brow of the oak—no sound, but the fall of dead leaves, as they rustled drearily to the ground. A day or two of feverish expectation followed, but he appeared no more, and sadly this last hope faded and died. Still it was sweet to owe her life to him.

Christmas came and passed. Mr. Laken could not get Mr. Melville's rent, and no promises on his part of paying in a week's time, or of reporting the agent to Lord Westerleigh, prevented him from putting in a distress.

"It shall be paid at the end of the week," said Gertrude, for she had persuaded her mother to let her write to Mr. L'Estrange. "Can you not take my word?" she asked indignantly.

"I don't care for words, Miss Melville," replied the agent. "You have five days, and the man will be here himself."

"Very well," said Gertrude, and with that she put on her hat, and set off across the park. She was going to the house; she knew Lord Westerleigh had arrived the day before, and she believed a gentleman would take the word of a lady. It was already dark when she rang the bell at the great door, but the sounding echoes stirred no feeling of awe or misgiving in her heart. A servant appeared, and she asked for Lord Westerleigh. The man was a stranger, and replied, simply, that "my lord was engaged."

"Then, I will wait until he is disengaged," replied Gertrude.

"But I don't think my lord can see you at all to-night. You had better call again in the morning," Gertrude had prepared to shut the door as he spoke.

Gertrude was almost in a passion, but controlled herself.

"I think he will see me. He kind enough to tell Lord Westerleigh that Miss Melville would be glad to speak to him for a few minutes." As she made a step forward the light fell upon her, and the dignity of her manner and appearance seemed suddenly to convince the man that he was speaking with a lady. He begged her pardon, and wanted to show her into a room while he went with her message to his master, but Gertrude preferred remaining by the fire in the hall. In a minute or two he returned, requesting her to follow him, and she soon found herself in a small, comfortable room, lighted only by the fire. The walls and curtains were crimson, relieved by lace, and a few marble statues; the furniture and carpet were of the same color, and the warm fire-light glowed over everything.

On the hearth, with his back to the fire, stood Lord Westerleigh; a man with a fine, tall figure, but whose face she could not see. To her surprise, he came forward with an outstretched hand, when the servant lighting some candles on the table, revealed his face. Gertrude shrank foolishly back from the hand she was about to take, and found herself face to face with David Gower.

"And what can I do for you?" Tears rushed to her eyes and she looked down to hide them, but he must have seen them, for he turned round, and stirred the fire to give her time. Then she told her story, with a red flush of shame on her brow.

"My father must leave, I know, and we must live differently; but if you will let Mr. Laken take the man away, he shall have the money by the end of the week."

Lord Westerleigh did not reply at once; he walked backward and forward twice.

"I am so ashamed," he said at length, "that such a thing should have been done in my name. I will walk back with you, and set it right. I am very, very sorry."

Gertrude made no reply. It was she who felt ashamed, for by whom she had called a "common farmer" was Lord Westerleigh, and far above her—so far that he had evidently quite forgotten any affection he might once have had for her, and a bitter pang was making itself felt in her heart as she saw in his calm, unembarrassed manner no sign of the love that had once been hers.

So they walked back together through the dark evening. Not many words passed between them, and Gertrude tried to realize that David Gower and Lord Westerleigh were one and the same person. She was wondering how it was that she had heard nothing of the matter from the L'Estranges, but then she remembered that they were still abroad, having gone at the end of the summer. In spite of his altered manner, she felt strangely happy walking once more by his side—so conscious of the charm of his protecting presence.

The house-door stood open, and Mrs. Melville was peering into the darkness.

"Gertrude! Is that you?" she called, anxiously.

Gertrude ran forward, and nestling up to her mother, murmured—

"Here is Lord Westerleigh, mamma; and he will take the man away." And before Mrs. Melville could ask for an explanation, she rushed out of sight up to her own room, where a pent-up burst of tears would be restrained no longer. When they had exhausted themselves, she sat and listened for sounds below. For some time she was silent; then the drawing-room door opened, and she heard Lord Westerleigh and her father's voices as they walked down the passage. A cordial "good-night" closed the interview, and as the hall-door closed, Mrs. Melville came upstairs into Gertrude's dark room.

"Is it all right, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear, but how was it you never told us you had met Lord Westerleigh at your uncle's?"

It was well for Gertrude the darkness hid her tell-tale cheeks.

"Why, mamma, I never knew he was Lord Westerleigh until I saw him this evening. He was only Mr. Gower, you know."

"I should have blamed you for going to him, if he had been a stranger, Gertrude."

"But he is not kind and good?" She was so bold in the dark!

"Good and kind? Indeed he is, God bless him," replied Mrs. Melville, earnestly. "Your father is to begin painting his portrait immediately. He said he considered himself fortunate in finding an artist so good. He is going to have his home full of visitors soon, and he hopes I will go and help him entertain them. Oh, Gertrude! said poor Mrs. Melville, with tears in her voice, "you cannot tell what it will be to me to go back once more into the society of my youth!"

Gertrude's arms were round her mother's neck; she felt very happy, somewhat, she felt very happy, somewhat.

"Dear mamma, I am so glad! You are too pretty never to be seen."

Mrs. Melville laughed, and kissed her.

"How curiously things happen," said Gertrude; but her mother did not answer, for a dim dream of a possible future was dawning on her mind.

And now Gertrude's life was changed—the silence was broken. There was a voice somewhere always singing to her inmost heart, an echo, perhaps, of Lord Westerleigh's few words of greeting, which were hers now two or three times a week, for he came to Mr. Melville's house to sit for his portrait—he said he preferred it—and thus came across her now and then in the park. The old twilight was falling fast. Lord Westerleigh had been to bid them good-bye, and was gone. The last finishing of packing were over, and Mrs. Melville sat down to rest.

"I must see him once more," said Gertrude to herself, as she hurried across the Park with an uncontrollable sob rising now and then in her throat.

An old public path ran close by one side of the house, a gable end, jutting out by itself, and containing on its ground floor Lord Westerleigh's own study. Landre had been planted in front of the window to screen it from the footpath, and although the latter was now disused, the shrubs were still allowed to grow thick and tall.

To this spot Gertrude hurried her steps. The evening was darkening, so there was no fear of discovery, and she hoped to catch one glimpse of his beloved face before the shutters were closed. With a beating heart she opened the little gate, and gliding into the shelter of the laurels, glanced at the window. She was not disappointed—there, in the fire-light, with his back lying at his feet, sat Lord Westerleigh.

But she had only time to observe that his face was buried in his hands, when the dog sprang toward the window with a growl. Gertrude grew cold with terror—escape was impossible, and discovery next to certain, for the dog, tearing at the window, refused to be quieted. Lord Westerleigh, who had followed him, now opened the glass door, and the animal rushed at the intruder. Gertrude saw his face, and he, however, than his bark ceased, and he began to fawn and wag his tail, knowing Gertrude well. She was covering back into the shrubs—her face hidden in her hands.

Gertrude! Can it be you?" asked a well-known voice. "What are you doing here?"

Turning from path with a throbbing heart and burning cheeks, she told him the truth.

"I only wanted to see you once more through the window, before I went away. You know we used to be friends."

He made no reply, but led her in, and closed the door again. He felt she was trembling violently, but he did not ask her to sit down; he let her stand beside him, waiting for the fire. The hopeful doubt he had aroused in his heart was satisfied now, and he was so happy that he could afford a joke.

"But, Gertrude, I was once a 'common farmer'."

"His sister!" The manner with which she received his communication did not escape Lord Westerleigh's notice, although he was very far from attributing it to its true cause. The change of expression seemed to him to indicate extreme surprise, and one day he asked her why.

Miss Gower had gone away again for a time before coming to settle at Westerleigh for good. And one lovely evening in June, Lord Westerleigh had strolled into the villa, and was standing with Gertrude at the drawing-room window.

Why were you so astonished when I introduced my sister to you that Sunday?" he inquired.

"Because I never thought she was your sister," replied Gertrude.

"Who, then, did you take her for?" he asked.

"Why—" said Gertrude quietly, "I thought she was the lady who was to be your wife."

"My wife?" Lord Westerleigh's broad brow contracted, and he bent his blue eyes sternly upon Gertrude's unconscious face. She was gazing into the fair twilight, but not so dreamily as a minute ago.

"My wife?" he repeated, and the sternness of his voice recalled her attention. She looked up at him, and colored slightly.

"What chance is there of that now?" he continued. "If any one had cared for the humble David Gower, it would have been different; but now rank and wealth are in the way, how shall I learn to believe that I might be loved for myself?"

It was scarcely the passing breeze that made Gertrude shiver from head to foot.

"I don't know," she said through the pain his words had roused. "If you cannot believe in any one, you will never know."

Hot and fast in the twilight tears were springing to her eyes. She had nearly turned round and rushed away, but his voice stopped her. He spoke very sorrowfully—

"I believed once."

Whether Gertrude would have thrown herself (figuratively) at his feet, and endeavored to believe again, it is impossible to say; for the maid, opening the door, brought in the lamp, upon which Lord Westerleigh said "good-night" hastily, and went away.

After that Gertrude was from home for some time visiting her mother's friends, and when she returned found the L'Estranges at Westerleigh Park. An arrangement had been made in her absence—Mr. L'Estrange had discovered that last evening, and Mr. Melville's great desire to go to Italy; therefore to Italy he had promised to send them, and start them fairly there. It was with a pang of despair that Gertrude first heard the news—and to go so soon, too! This was the end of September, and they were to go in a month's time. But she got over the despair, and came to the conclusion that, after all, she should be happier, away from Lord Westerleigh, than continually harassed by his presence; for their intercourse with each other now had become distant and cold. Eva still joked her about him, and declared she could not understand it at all.

"For you know, Gertrude, you did care for each other."

"And what if we did?" Gertrude asked bitterly.

Eva gave her a scrutinizing glance, and was very much puzzled.

"Well, dear—never mind! you will see some one else about it."

That Gertrude might find some one there Mrs. L'Estrange happened casually to remark that evening in Lord Westerleigh's presence. Mr. L'Estrange "hoped" and called his wife's attention to a book he was examining. Then Eva turned to Lord Westerleigh, and said, in her off-hand, laughing way—

"You were her first love, you know."

"You flatter me, Miss L'Estrange," he quickly replied, but his color changed.

"I never flatter!" laughed Eva.

"Can you be serious?" he said, bending anxiously toward her.

"O, I never pledge myself to anything! Where is mamma going?" And Eva, fearing to be questioned further, rose from her seat and left him.

To-morrow the Melvilles were to leave Westerleigh. The October twilight was falling fast. Lord Westerleigh had been to bid them good-bye, and was gone. The last finishing of packing were over, and Mrs. Melville sat down to rest.

"I must see him once more," said Gertrude to herself, as she hurried across the Park with an uncontrollable sob rising now and then in her throat.

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"But, Gertrude, I was once a 'common farmer'."

"Never mind—because you loved me, dearest. O, child, what a fool I have been!"

She tried to answer, but he took it in the way he liked best. And she was silent in her full deep joy, thinking it must be a dream to stand there in the red fire-light with David's arm to rest on.

"O, David," she said at length, clinging to him; "it cannot, cannot be true."

"Thank God, it is!" he murmured, as he raised the little wistful face to his and held it there.

Once more, through the darkness they walked back across the Park and presented themselves before the astonished eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Melville.

David was very abrupt. "You must stay another week," he said, "and leave me a wife."

They did so. And at the end of the week drove away to the station, leaving Gertrude and Lord Westerleigh at the church door.

And quietly through the brown October woods through the golden light of autumn days—with the full, sweet spring-time of love in their hearts, the bride and bridegroom walked home.

## A FRIEND IN NEED.

BY OLIO STANLEY.

"You certainly won't choose that," said Mrs. Lapiro, bending over the shining fabric that were thrown across Martha Perry's crimson lounge. "It is lovely, of course—the purple one, I mean—and would look well on any one with black hair; on me, for instance," she added, laughing. "But it will never do for your blonde beauty! Take the blue one, dear; it is one of the best of your eyes, and I know your husband will be delighted with your choice."

"It is rather your choice, is it not?" young Mrs. Perry asked, wavering in her resolution. "I had really set my heart on the purple silk."

"You can wear it, of course, as you can any color, but the other is a thousand times the prettier."

"But I have paid for the silk. That time they only sent up for me to look at," said Mrs. Perry, evidently annoyed at her friend's words.

Mrs. Lapiro was silent a moment, and then broke out into a merry laugh.

"Just the thing, my dear, and I had almost forgotten it! There is the reception at Lou Warren's next week, and I don't like to wear it to wear. I'll take the silk, and you shall keep the blue one, and we shall certainly be the most beautiful women there! Ah, with a little sign of envy, 'how charming your pearls will look over that soft, sky-blue!'"

"I hadn't thought of that," she said. "And I could not wear them with the other, you know."

"The effect would be spoiled," was the quick reply. "So it is settled now, darling, and I'll run away with mine, and let you bundle yours up before your husband comes in. Don't tell him what you are going to wear; let it be a surprise."

And just as Lapiro caught up the gleaming purple silk, and turned away with it hanging over her arm.

"And why little Martha Perry did not know what to say, and so said nothing. Until—just as her friend reached the door, she sprang after her, saying in a nervous voice:—

"Oh, justine, this blue tissue isn't paid for, and I haven't money enough left to pay for it, either."

"You say little pay for it, did you think I would let you pay for it, of course, and in a few days I will hand you the difference between the two. I haven't it just now—will next week do?"

"Yes," said Martha, slowly.

"Good-bye, then. Put away that beauty, and let us keep our secret until the night of the reception."

"Very well," and Martha stooped with a little sigh to fold up the blue tissue; and before her husband's return, she had laid it carefully away in her drawer, turned the key in the lock, and taken up the last magazine to read.

It was the first secret she had kept from her husband, although they had been married nearly two years, and it was a difficult task she had set herself. She told the truth, though, when in answer to his anxious questioning about her altered looks, she said she had headaches.

She had a headache, but the headache which she experienced was by far the most acute.

The eventful night came, and little Mrs. Perry looked very lovely in her blue tissue and pearls. Her husband, scarcely knowing the difference between silk and tissue, admired her more than he ever had done as her lover, and she tried hard to convince herself that she was satisfied with what she had done.

As they sat waiting for the carriage, Edwin Perry turned suddenly to his wife and said:—

"By the way, Martha, I am glad we don't see much of Mrs. Lapiro lately. I was afraid at one time that her frequent visits meant friendship, and she is the last woman I should want to see you friendly with."

"Why?" asked Martha, slowly, a hot flush coloring her cheeks.

"Because I think she is a dangerous woman," he said, thoughtfully. "And then he told his wife of a conversation he had overheard between Justine Lapiro and Renie Duvalle, her companion and servant, whom she alternately petted or rebuked as was her mood."

"They were eating an ice, and I was next them, though they could not have seen me when I came into the saloon, and really, darling, she talked shockingly of some of the ladies in the house here. She is going away to-night, forever, as she assured Renie, who appeared to doubt her, and she has jewels belonging to one friend, money loaned by another, a silk dress teased away from another, and—"

"Oh, Edwin!" sobbed Martha, never heeding his astonished looks as she threw herself into his arms. "It is mine! Can't you get it back?"

It was some time before Edwin Perry understood; but when he did he went up to Mrs. Lapiro's room with his wife, who, meeting that lady at her own door, bravely asked her dress which Mrs. Lapiro had forgotten to pay for.

There were a few hot words of anger and reproach, but when she saw Mr. Perry's determined face, she went back, tossed the bundle, which had never been untied, through the open door, and shut it in their faces.

THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH AND OTHER EMIGRANTS.—We are pleased to hear that Mrs. FURBER EARLE GIBBONS designs issuing a second edition of her valuable and interesting book on the "Pennsylvania Dutch" and kindred subjects. The second edition will contain two new sketches, one on Bethlehem and the Moravians, the other upon the Schwenkfelders, a kind of German Quakers residing in Eastern Pennsylvania. There also will be notices of the Russian Mennonites, &c. Mrs. Gibbons is a very conscientious and intelligent writer, and the accuracy of her work may be implicitly relied upon. Her account of the various sects of the German sects, including the descriptions of "An Amish Meeting," a "Dunker Love Feast," &c., are said by the post Whittier to be "full of interest." To Pennsylvanians especially this work must be of peculiar value, and should find a place in every public and private library. The volume will be published by subscription at \$1.50 a copy. Orders should be directed to Mrs. Gibbons, care of J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

WHAT KATY DID AT SCHOOL.—By Susan COLEMAN, author of "The New Year's Bargain," and "What Katy Did." Boston: Roberts Brothers. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. Those who have read with delight last year's holiday volume, "What Katy Did," will only need to be told that the same charming writer and illustrator have produced a still better book in the one before us. The perfect naturalness of these school-girls, in their many piquant varieties of character, is such as to send girl-readers of the same age into ecstasies. They laugh uncontrollably over the clever pranks of pretty, mischievous, "What Katy Did," only need to be told that the same charming writer and illustrator have produced a still better book in the one before us. The perfect naturalness of these school-girls, in their many piquant varieties of character, is such as to send girl-readers of the same age into ecstasies. 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1874.

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## OUR OPENING STORIES

FOR

## THE NEW YEAR.

We shall begin in next week's paper (No. 25), a fascinating novel of English life entitled

## THE GHOST OF NORMAN PARK;

OR,

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BY MARY ATHERSTONE BIRD;

to be followed by the thrilling romance of Northern and of Tropical life—

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## HARD TIMES;

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## THE REAL VICTIMS OF THE PANIC.

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It is scarcely necessary to state to those acquainted with THE POST, that the best stories of Love, Adventure, and High and Low Life, in this country and in England, etc., to be found in any weekly paper, will appear in our columns during the coming year. Our Letters, Miscellaneous Articles, etc., also will be of the highest character.

## A WOMAN'S VOW.

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

## SHOOTING AT A MARK.

Were Earle Templeton's cynicism and obduracy of temperament melted away by this tender, passionate episode? Alas! no. The bulwarks were heaped higher than ever against every inroad of feeling; and if he had seemed a statue of bronze before, he was hardened into cast-iron now. Yet, to outsiders, the transformation did not appear at once; nor could it have been attributed to any special cause by them.

In that house at Coldham, from which, like Pandora's box, so many evils had seemed to emanate, hot, passionate tears may have scalded his haggard face, and been visible to human eyes; but now, if he looked at all, they dried upon his heart and left his blinder there.

To James Barrycourt, who had seen him an hour before Horace Eglington had appeared to summon him to the death-bed scene that must live in his memory forever, he seemed the same steady-nerved, strong-thinking reasoner, when the former called at his office, the next morning at ten o'clock, to consult him upon a knotted question at law.

His opinion—the correct one, as it proved to be—was given at once; and Barrycourt returned his thanks.

"No sort of dissipation the previous night seems to render you muddled in the morning—as it does every one else," said the latter, "and yet I would wager, from the circles around your eyes, that you were playing cards last night, until the day dawned."

"No," answered Templeton, as he went on arranging some papers, "I did not play at all."

A few days later, Barrycourt informed him that he expected to be married very soon, and desired him to be one of his attendants.

"Et tu, Brute," said Templeton, with a smile. "I had counted on you as a club-room associate for years to come."

"Rather let me hope that my own example may prove contagious," replied his friend. "And that I may soon wish you happiness in your own domestic circle."

"No. When I take you to the altar, I shall bid you a final good-bye, old fellow."

"How strange it is that you have never loved," said Barrycourt, innocently.

"Do you think so?" replied the other, quietly. "Well, you see, my dear Barrycourt, the world is made up of all sorts of people."

"Yes, I have been told so—though for my own part, I have always held the particular of aggregate humanity not so very different after all, except as we shape our own destinies. But do you know, Templeton, I have always imagined, that were you to love once it would be with a passion little short of idolatry—that you would never forget; and that you could hate with equal intensity where your animosity was provoked?"

"Perhaps you have not read me aright," replied Templeton, thoughtfully.

"Then let a mis-tress finish it," answered Barrycourt, laughing. "Do you never expect to marry?"

"I?—said Templeton, with a start. And he added hastily—'never!'"

"Then you do not believe a woman is happy married?" asked the other.

"You would be—yes. And I think the

generality of men, or the institution would not have been handed down from our first parents," he replied with a smile. "But my own life has been peculiar—perhaps exceptional, and—well, if you please, Barrycourt, have a glass of ale."

"Which means," thought the other, with a sigh, as he followed him into a saloon, "that the subject must be dropped. Well, 'le roi est mort, so amen!'"

And it was never renewed.

Templeton was at Barrycourt's marriage, and "stood" with a pretty, rosy-cheeked girl. He had affirmed in the beginning, that he rather avoided such things generally, but his friend had appeared hurt, and he had given over.

"Such a love of a man!" the young ladies had all cried; "he is as cold as ice, and as polished." And they had crowded around Barrycourt to know what the experiences of the other had been in the affairs of the heart. While he, smiling and amused, had insinuated grace and immortality, "jeux d'esprit" for each; and when, at a late hour, he took his departure, they murmured regretfully behind their fans, "so soon!" while he, turning toward his rooms, along the quiet streets, exclaimed, with an audible sigh of relief, "at last!"

When the honeymoon was over, Barrycourt sought his friend again. He could not give him up still. The man had drawn him, as he did the majority of persons, with a powerful mesmerism.

He began, however, to miss Templeton's oftener and oftener; and frequently he had looked for him through all their old favorite haunts in vain.

"Where do you hide yourself?" he asked, one evening when he returned a second time to his office to find him there, after a long search.

"Quite out of it!" the other had quoted, evasively. "The foxes have holes, and the swallows nests. I did not expect to see you, my dear Barrycourt; and one must seek diversion somewhere."

One evening later, Barrycourt was never more astounded than when he stumbled by the merest chance, upon Earle Templeton in an obscure shooting-gallery, firing industriously at a mark fifty yards distant.

"In the name of all that is rational, what are you doing?" was the astonished question.

"Shooting at a mark, as you see," replied Templeton, coolly. "There is nothing, my dear James, which we do at all, that should not be done to the very best of our ability."

"I was not aware that you counted the favor of Mars, as well as Minerva," answered the other. "But, pray, how often would you expect to hit that?"

"Come," replied Templeton. "You know six months ago you won the prize, as the best shot of our circle. Let us measure our skill against each other now."

Barrycourt took the pistol from his hand.

"I think I can strike it—even at that distance—once in half a dozen times, if my hand has not lost its cunning."

He commenced to fire—one! two! three! four! The fifth was in a hair's breadth; and, true to his word, the sixth pierced the mark.

He returned the pistol to Templeton with a smile.

The first shot of the latter missed—Barrycourt's fifth had done; the remaining five went direct to the mark each time.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed his friend, in astonished admiration. "In all my experience I have never seen anything like that. Whatever you engage in, you must excel at all other men."

"Except in the affairs of the heart," you know," replied Templeton, with one of his cold, repellent smiles. "So you think I have attained more than average skillfulness here?"

"I tell you nothing ever surpassed it. One would think you had been practicing here for some time of skill upon which your life depended."

"You think so?" responded Templeton. "Well, after all, who knows? Perhaps it may."

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## THE EXILES AT NAPLES.

Our readers must imagine themselves looking out on the world-renowned bay of Naples, with its hundreds of cottages, filled with gay pleasure-seekers, apparently without a thought in the world save those afforded by the passing moment, while here and there to be seen all along the coast the rougher barges of the drowsy, indolent fishermen.

The city itself slept in the distance. Indeed everything around wore a semi-somnolent appearance. The streets were crowded with foot-passengers and pleasure carriages, but each and all wore a lazy, self-satisfied look. No one jostled another. Nobody was ever in a hurry here. Care should not be paraded in public by one, no matter how darkly it might lie in the closet at home to secure away the joy of another. Let peace reign upon the countenance, though the mantle should conceal a hostile stiletto.

It is in Naples, of all the world, that one realizes his idea of a life of luxury. Here the hardest laborer from abroad falls readily into the "dolce far niente" of the Italian.

On the beach, this evening, strolled an erect military man of sixty, with some scars, and several insignia of rank; and a pretty, dark-eyed woman, perhaps of three-and-twenty.

They were both English—you could tell that at a glance—and when they spoke to each other—though that was not often—it was generally in their mother tongue. The man wore a look of easy complacency, as if he were entirely satisfied with everything about him. The woman, on the other hand, had sometimes a dreamily thoughtful, if not melancholy expression.

They were General Charles Ransom and lady.

The general was an old soldier in her majesty's service of considerable means, but recently married; and with an indefinite leave of absence from the army.

The lady was known to the reader, not a year ago, as Miss Violetta Worthington.

The old soldier had met and loved her in the new home to which she had been taken after her last meeting. He had wooed and taken her unquestioningly as his wife. And she had determined to repay him a look of easy complacency, as if he were entirely satisfied with everything about him. The woman, on the other hand, had sometimes a dreamily thoughtful, if not melancholy expression.

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lova, honor, and obey that heartless  
 scoundrel who ill-treats her now, whilst I  
 am powerless to offer her any aid. I can  
 do nothing for her—nothing.







## SHALL WE KNOW THEM?

BY MAURICE BRATT.

The loved, the early love, the love before us  
To that fair country where no clouds are  
Their voices heard no more and life's chosen,  
Their dwelling-place known by mortal eyes.

Are they all dead? Is the communion ended?  
Do silent hearts that have on earth been  
In the bright land where spirit harps are heard,  
How shall we know our own peculiar dead?

How shall we know them? Where did light up-  
spring  
From the rich chattering of the cherubs,  
And the wide lands of Heaven's dome are ringing  
With the glad echo of the spirit's hymn?

How shall we know them? Shall the earth's crea-  
ture  
The happy home of God have multiplied,  
In vision through the saints of every nation  
Ring out the praise to the Lamb who died?

Ah, longed for of tender recollection!  
Sweet glances with those whom once we saw;  
But through the pillow veil of their perfection  
We shall never see that smile so happy here.

A father's love? A mother's? A brother's?  
How could they be in loving hearts unknown?  
And who could fail to recognize a mother  
E'en with the millions that surround the throne?

Yes, we shall know them, God's great mercy stream-  
ing  
May perfect joy to all that dwell in peace;  
And Heaven would not be Heaven unto one missing,  
E'en with the millions that surround the throne.

## Biographical Sketches.

NARCISO LOPEZ.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

Narciso Lopez, who made two attempts to deliver the island of Cuba from Spanish rule, was one of the bravest soldiers of modern times. In the mere physical sensibility to danger, which even necessary soldiers generally possess in a high degree, Lopez was unsurpassed; but in the moral principle—that glorious intention without which true heroism cannot exist—he seems to have been deficient.

Lopez was born in Venezuela. His father possessed vast estates in the island of America and numberless herds of wild horses and cattle. Among the herdsmen of the great plains, who almost live on horseback, Narciso had the best teachers in the art of riding. He became an expert horseman, and almost before he had learned to talk he was taught to cling to the mane of an unbridled horse.

Venezuela was at this time governed by Spain, but while Lopez was still in his teens, the province became the scene of revolution. The inhabitants arose in arms against the government of the mother country. Lopez entered the revolutionary army which was headed by the celebrated General Bolivar. When the royal forces had defeated Bolivar at La Puerta, they besieged Valencia. The citizens, trusting to Bolivar's promises of assistance, defended the place for three weeks, and Lopez fought with desperate valor. The "Liberator" made good his retreat, but did not return to aid the besieged citizens, and the place surrendered. The victorious soldiers poured into the city and indulged in a general massacre.

Lopez managed to escape death at the hands of his enemies, and his filial affection was the means of bringing about that result. Negro slaves were in general exempted from the terrible fate that was meted out to their masters. They were regarded merely as tools used by more skillful men. Knowing this, Lopez joined a large party of negroes. At nightfall, however, he started to search for his father. Healthily he and his two dark servants traversed the streets. They were not arrested, but they discovered nothing. Filled with anxiety Narciso returned to his hiding-place to find that it had been attacked during his absence. Before him lay eighty-seven murdered men weltering in their blood. He had providentially escaped a like fate. His father had not suffered in the massacre, but his whole fortune had been lost during the convulsions. He was now a ruined man, and his son was no longer heir to the immense *hacienda*, with their flocks and herds.

The conduct of General Bolivar in not coming to the relief of Valencia excited great indignation among the inhabitants of that city. Lopez was so deeply enraged by the apparent treachery of the Liberator that he determined to transfer his services to the opposing side. Accordingly he entered the army of General Morales as a common soldier. The real principles that underlay the conflict between the royal and revolutionary forces could have had but little weight with him, when he could fight with equal ardor for either side. In the royal army his rise was rapid. Some of his exploits read like those of a hero of romance. He was recklessly daring; no peril daunted him, adventure was to him the very breath of life. At the age of twenty-three, he was a colonel in the Spanish service, and he deserved his rapid promotion—a remark that cannot be made of all colonels—if gallantry ever deserved reward.

On one occasion, at the head of a small body of cavalry, thirty-eight in number, he ventured to harry the rear of the retreating troops of Paez. He had proceeded some distance from the main body of the royal army, when the rebel general, heading a band of three hundred picked men, charged him. His lightning swiftness, Lopez calculated his chances. He ordered his soldiers to dismount, formed them into a compact square, with their lances pointed outward. In this position they kept the enemy at bay until assistance arrived.

Colonel Lopez received the cross of the order of St. Fernando, of the most illustrious degree, "in honor so rarely bestowed," says a writer on this subject, "that in the whole army there was but one soldier who possessed it beside himself. This reward is not bestowed at the pleasure of the sovereign, but is adjudged by a tribunal, to whom the claim is referred, and by whom counsel and witnesses are heard on either side, every one being at liberty to interpose an objection."

When, in 1825, the royal army evacuated the capital of Venezuela, the revolutionaries offered Lopez the post he had held in the retreating army. He refused the proffer, and went to Cuba.

His love of adventure next carried him to South America again. This time it was to explore a wild part of the country. The expedition was not the least agreeable to Lopez, as the way was beset by hostile Indians, and some hard fighting was necessary; but, have as he was, he could not fight thirst. No water was to be found, and the whole party were perishing for want of it, when about sunset an Indian warrior, mounted on a light-colored steed, with black feet and mane, appeared riding toward them. They made known their suffering state to the new-comer. He unhesitatingly rode to a spring. The white steed halted. Was the red-skin a treacherous enemy who would lead them unconscious into the midst of some of his hostile countrymen? They could not

answer the question. Lopez offered to risk his life, in order to test the faith of the guide. He cautiously mounted behind the Indian, and rode away. His companions remained on the spot, but with full hope of his return. The Indian was true to his promise, and Lopez was enabled to lead his companions to a place where water abounded.

He married in Cuba, but returning to Spain served with distinction in the Spanish army. During the administration of General Valdes as governor of Cuba, Lopez held several important offices, but when that governor was deposed, he became disaffected with the manner in which Spain ruled the island. He formed plans for making Cuba independent, and these being discovered by the authorities, he fled to the United States. He was not disappointed, however. He organized an expedition for the invasion of Cuba. Commanding six hundred and nine men, he landed at Cardenas. Although at first successful, he was compelled to retreat to the United States.

During the summer of 1851, General Lopez undertook another expedition against the Spanish forces in Cuba. He sailed from New Orleans in the steamer *Empress*. President Fillmore issued a proclamation warning Americans that by taking part in this expedition, they violated the laws of neutrality, and by so doing, would place themselves beyond the protection of the United States. With less than five hundred men, Lopez landed at Morilla, on the 11th of August. Instead of assisting the invaders, the Cubans fled before them. Death and desertion thinned the small band that followed the rash but gallant chief. Taking refuge in a farm-house, he fell asleep worn out by fatigue and suffering. While asleep, he was captured, taken to Havana, and imprisoned as a traitor. The Americans who survived, were kept in prison for some time, but they were finally allowed to return home.

## SELF-FOILED.

BY ANNIE H. JEROME.

"There he goes again!" thought old Madame Rochelle, gazing fretfully after her handsome young nephew as he crossed the porch of the pretty rose-embowered cottage opposite her own imposing residence. "What evil genius brought that Kate Thalyo to her sister's just at the time that Maurice comes here, nobody knows, unless, indeed, Mrs. Thalyo herself. I dare say she thought Maurice would be a fine catch for her husband's poor sister. Ha, not at home, eh! Gone up to Sunset Hill, of course," her thought went on, as the young man turned from the door and hastily made his way to the street again.

And there he goes after her, the lovely niece! I verily believe the mind reads of that hill just to entice him. Well, well, Miss Kate, we'll be even yet! It's a long lane that has no turning. And Madame's eyes dropped abstractedly to the door as her offending relative vanished around the street corner. Minute after minute she sat there, an expression on her face which was never found on that of a good woman. At length she arose with a satisfied smile, and despite her sixty odd years quickly ascended the stairs to a back chamber whose windows overlooked a fine expanse of country.

"Yes, yes, well enough to see what they are about up there," she muttered, taking a small spy glass from the closet and adjusting it with a vicious jerk. "Humph, just got there! I should have thought it would be of some use to him. Well, she does look pretty, for all under the purple sunset glow and that flame-like shower. And how the delight beams through her surprise! But riches should mate with riches, and she's as poor as a church mouse."

And this reflection of the softer expression from Madame's lips and from her eyes, she found that business of vital importance to her married interests would necessitate her leaving home for a distant city in the course of the next forty-eight hours.

"I can't possibly get off to-morrow," she decided, after a minute's anxious reflection. "So it must be left till the day after."

Meanwhile, Maurice Arnet stood on the cottage porch wishing a good-night to Kate Thalyo, who still made a show of sparkling spirits.

"You are perfectly brilliant to-night, Miss Thalyo," he murmured, gazing tenderly, half-reverently at the face which, was, indeed, exquisitely beautiful under the soft moonlight. Then, with a sudden, passionate impulse, he caught her hand, exclaiming, "Love me, Kate! love me, and so transform this hard world into a paradise! I have sometimes dared to hope you could and would. Will you Kate?"

With a proud gesture, Kate withdrew her hand and stepped back, replying in haughty emphatic tones to his concluding words.

"You have! Then learn from my own lips that you are vastly mistaken! I never will!" adding, with a little gay laugh which grated harshly on his ear, "we must be friends though, Mr. Arnet. A flirtation so delightfully pleasant should not end in open rupture. I therefore proffer my forgiveness for your presumption in hoping so wild a thing. You are a man, and men are usually vain, and consequently extensible. Shall we be friends, Mr. Arnet?"

And she extended a little, ice-cold hand. He barely touched it, replying coldly, as he lifted his hat—

"Just as you please, Miss Thalyo. Good-evening."

The next minute he was striding across Madame's grand hall. At the foot of the stairs Madame's voice arrested him.

"Maurice, come here. I wish to see you before you retire," she quivered from the drawing-room door.

He turned quickly, anxiously inquiring as he hastened toward her—

"Are you ill, Aunt Rochelle?"

"No, no," she returned, more naturally, "not ill, but tired. And now sit down, and let me hear how you came to observe her pale face, she continued—"I have had news here from Lansing, very bad."

And as she seated herself, she gave him the letter, still open in her hand.

"It is bad enough, indeed," he presently remarked, as he thoughtfully re-folded the sheet. "You will go to-morrow, of course?"

"It is impossible. Williams comes to-morrow about that—"

"Pardon me, Aunt Rochelle. Never mind Williams. I will attend to your interests here. It is true Lansing says the day after to-morrow will do; but it is quite evident that he is anxious for your immediate presence. Go, then, without delay."



CONSOLATION.

HOWEVER—"I'm sorry to hear you've lost your uncle, Mary."

MARY—"Yes, it was quite sudden. But—ain't it a real comfort as I got that black dress, instead of the green one you wanted me to buy?"

too, Aunt Rochelle. Did you find them entertaining, Miss Thalyo?" he asked, his love-sick eyes trying to scan her face in the deepening twilight.

"Undoubtedly," she answered, lightly and pleasantly, "since Madame Rochelle was the narrator."

"Thank you, Miss Thalyo," bowed Madame Rochelle, and then, more to change the subject than anything else, said, turning to Maurice, "I am sure you have letters. Are there any for me?"

"Three for me, as many for me, and one for Miss Thalyo."

"We will go into the house, then," returned Madame. "I shall not depend upon your eyeight in this falling light."

Once in the house, Kate gracefully yielded to Madame's pressing invitation and remained. And so finely did she comport herself, that before the evening was half over, Madame was querying within her own bosom whether after all the lips and cheeks had not whitened under the jasmine's perfume.

"But it don't matter," she thought, as at a later hour Kate bade her a gay good-night. "Maurice is safe. She's sure to give him the cold shoulder till he makes love over so finely. I must, however, send her a little note to-morrow when he is out of the way, and enjoin the strictest secrecy. It is barely possible she did not understand I was about to do so when he interrupted me."

But the current of Madame's thought was speedily changed. On returning to the drawing-room and opening the neglected letters, she found that business of vital importance to her married interests would necessitate her leaving home for a distant city in the course of the next forty-eight hours.

"I can't possibly get off to-morrow," she decided, after a minute's anxious reflection. "So it must be left till the day after."

Meanwhile, Maurice Arnet stood on the cottage porch wishing a good-night to Kate Thalyo, who still made a show of sparkling spirits.

"You are perfectly brilliant to-night, Miss Thalyo," he murmured, gazing tenderly, half-reverently at the face which, was, indeed, exquisitely beautiful under the soft moonlight. Then, with a sudden, passionate impulse, he caught her hand, exclaiming, "Love me, Kate! love me, and so transform this hard world into a paradise! I have sometimes dared to hope you could and would. Will you Kate?"

With a proud gesture, Kate withdrew her hand and stepped back, replying in haughty emphatic tones to his concluding words.

"You have! Then learn from my own lips that you are vastly mistaken! I never will!" adding, with a little gay laugh which grated harshly on his ear, "we must be friends though, Mr. Arnet. A flirtation so delightfully pleasant should not end in open rupture. I therefore proffer my forgiveness for your presumption in hoping so wild a thing. You are a man, and men are usually vain, and consequently extensible. Shall we be friends, Mr. Arnet?"

And she extended a little, ice-cold hand. He barely touched it, replying coldly, as he lifted his hat—

"Just as you please, Miss Thalyo. Good-evening."

The next minute he was striding across Madame's grand hall. At the foot of the stairs Madame's voice arrested him.

"Maurice, come here. I wish to see you before you retire," she quivered from the drawing-room door.

He turned quickly, anxiously inquiring as he hastened toward her—

"Are you ill, Aunt Rochelle?"

"No, no," she returned, more naturally, "not ill, but tired. And now sit down, and let me hear how you came to observe her pale face, she continued—"I have had news here from Lansing, very bad."

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safe beyond the shadow of a doubt. I can't possibly leave here in less than a week, and what would be awkward for me if she should happen to pay Maurice with this engagement of my fanciful creation."

Accordingly the note was written; and also a lengthy epistle to her nephew, detailing minutely the important points of the business claiming her attention. They were sealed and posted in time for the night mail—and duly received the following morning.

Maurice, seated before the library table, opened his with eager interest. But he was soon intensely mystified.

"I know, my dear," commenced Madame, "that you are to be trusted, else I would not have committed what I did to your keeping. So you must not construe this into an expression of doubt on my part. The truth is, I have been a little fearful that you failed to gather from my last hasty words, that I was about to place a seal upon your lips in regard to the subject which had just engaged us. I therefore concluded to write and impress it upon you, that the conversation was strictly confidential, and on no account to be repeated till the matter becomes public."

"The deuce!" muttered Maurice Arnet, "does my good Aunt Rochelle think I have taken leave of my senses? The idea that I would blurt her business abroad! Trouble must have turned her brain," he thought again, as he went on reading.

"And now let me assure you, my dear," continued Madame, "that I consider you the very soul of honor, and know that I have only to express my wish to have it most carefully observed. The secret which I confided to you about my nephew is known only to a few intimates."

"Her nephew? The secret?" exclaimed Maurice in angry surprise. "To whom can she be writing?" And he hastily turned to another page. "Miss Kate Thalyo! By all!"

The sentence remained unfinished. Starting from his chair with a force that sent it whirling to the floor, he dashed out of the house and across the street to the cottage.

"Miss Kate's down in the summer-house, sir," replied the servant to his impatient inquiry, adding to himself as Maurice strode through the hall and on to the indicated spot, "Bless me! he looks mad enough to eat her! Whatever has Miss Kate been doing, I wonder? Something, I know, for he hasn't been here for an age or more, and after this he as good as lived here. Thank fortin! I ain't no lover of no-body's. They're allers a-bilin' in hot water."

Maurice, quite unconscious of his looks and Betty's criticisms, dashed on and into Kate's presence.

"I have a letter here, Miss Thalyo, which needs some explanation," he exclaimed, throwing himself into a seat opposite the one from which Kate had nervously started.

"It is from my aunt, and she directed me to see, was meant for you, I found, after commencing myself of a portion of its mystifying contents. Will you be good enough to enlighten me as to its meaning?"

"Perhaps," smiled Kate from the seat she had resumed, "this may prove a key," handing him a letter addressed to Miss Kate Thalyo.

"I was just on the point of sending Betty over with it. I am quite acquainted with its contents, for on reading 'My dear nephew,' I turned at once to the signature, which proved to be Madame Rochelle's."

Maurice took the letter; but without a glance at it, continued sternly—

"Miss Thalyo, what secret has my Aunt Rochelle confided to you? It is my right to ask, and my right to be answered, since it appears from this precious epistle that it concerns me above all others."

A crimson flush dyed Kate's pale face as she said gravely—

"It would, perhaps, be well for me to see the letter in question before replying."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Thalyo," he returned, hastily placing it in her hand.

"I hope the natural excitement of my feelings will excuse me in your eyes. I actually forgot the letter belonged to you."

Kate glanced rapidly over the sheet, and then re-folded it in grave silence.

"Well, Miss Thalyo," said Maurice, impatiently, finding she did not speak.

A still deeper red burned on Kate's cheek as she replied, slowly—

"You should certainly be able to conjecture, Mr. Arnet, what Madame would be likely to confide as a secret."

"I certainly am not," he returned, controlling his angry excitement with an effort. "I have nothing to be ashamed of, and may, therefore, positively declare that I have no secrets. But you will do me the greatest kindness if you will explain at once. Again I ask Miss Thalyo what is the secret? Am I dishonored by the story you have heard?"

"People might differ on that point, Mr. Arnet," Kate coldly answered. "A female coquette is a contemptible creature in my eyes, but a so-called man who stoops thus to beneath even contempt, I think."

Arnet's eyes blazed. "A coquette? What has that to do with me, Miss Thalyo?"

My aunt surely never reported so great a faintly to you?"

Kate remaining silent; he said, hotly—

"Miss Thalyo, will you show me a little more, and end this by a frank statement, or must I force it all from my aunt? What have you heard derogatory to my character as a gentleman?"

Kate paled and quivered alternately, at last answered somewhat falteringly—

"I have only heard the story of your engagement, Mr. Arnet."

"What engagement?" he asked, in amazement. "I don't understand."

"Marie—the lady to whom you are engaged," she replied, still more falteringly.

"Marie! when did you hear all this?" he asked, calmly and gravely.

"The evening that I spent with Madame," answered Kate again, looking much like a prisoner at the bar.

He gazed silently at her downcast face a moment, and then wheeled around and stood in the doorway of the summer-house for what seemed an age to Kate.

Presently he came back to her.

"And you believed her, Kate?" he said, reproachfully. "You believed her after all my silent worship of yourself? Kate, Kate: no one could have made me doubt you!"

"Could I doubt your own aunt?" murmured Kate.

"But you could doubt me! Now listen, Kate. Marie is a creature of my aunt's imagination—all that she has told you is a fiction. I love you, and you only. Will you be my wife, Kate?"

Kate's answer must have been favorable, for Madame received by the next mail a letter from Maurice Arnet which contained the following—

"Your letters were duly received by Kate and me, and the necessary exchange duly made. Believe me, my dear Aunt Rochelle, that we both thank you warmly for so promptly ending what was so unwisely done. Kate and I are very happy and ask your blessing upon our engagement."

The sheet dropped from Madame's hands. "What letters exchanged? What have I done? What have I done?" she exclaimed in utter amazement and shame.

But she took good care never to ask either Maurice or Kate, and deciding to make the best of a disagreeable event, she called on Kate the next week with a bland innocence truly edifying to the lovers.

A FRIGHTENED "GHOST."

BY MARK EDWARDS.

"Where is Lucy, Bob?" asked Ida Lealand of her younger brother.

"Don't know," responded he, briefly. "Wait, I know," she said. "She's out near Cemetery Hill with Ellis Lee. I only wanted to be sure of it."

And Ida, with a merry, mischievous tone of her girlish head, was off.

"I wonder what she's up to?" queried Bob, as he watched her hasten toward the house in the soft summer twilight, entering by the back way.

Ida, as she left him, chuckled mischievously to herself. "Won't I give them a good scare—In and that dandy, Ellis Lee? I know he's a dreadful coward. Oh, what fun to see him run—or faint, maybe!"

Ida dearly loved a joke—practical jokes, even, when they were not at her own expense.

She darted into the house, fitted upstairs to her chamber, jerked a sheet from the bed, folded it into a small compass, hid it under her apron, and then glided by a round-about way to that favorite trysting spot of Greenwood lovers, the road that ran by beautiful Cemetery Hill.

She thought it would be capital fun to appear suddenly as a supernatural being to her sister and Ellis Lee, and see the effect she imagined it would produce upon them both. Against the young man she had a slight grudge, and she determined to pay him off. She was sure he was a coward, and wanted him to prove himself such.

Gaining the road by a by-path, the foolish girl threw the sheet over her head—having described, as she supposed, the effect she imagined it would produce upon them both. Against the young man she had a slight grudge, and she determined to pay him off. She was sure he was a coward, and wanted him to prove himself such.

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